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GEN<sup>T</sup>. JOSEPH WARREN.

*Engraved expressly for Grahams Magazine.*

# LIFE OF GENERAL JOSEPH WARREN.

BY THOMAS WYATT, A. M., AUTHOR OF "HISTORY OF THE KINGS OF FRANCE," ETC. ETC. ETC.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

THIS illustrious champion of liberty was born in Roxbury, near Boston, in the year 1741. His father was a respectable farmer, and employed much of his time in raising fruit. He was the person that produced that species of apple called the *Warren Russet*. The house in which his father resided is still standing, near the centre of the village, in a street which has received his name. One day in autumn, as he was in his orchard, he saw an apple remaining on the top of a tree, which, by its uncommon beauty tempted him to climb the tree to pluck it, but as he was reaching the apple, the branch upon which he stood broke under him, and precipitated him to the ground a lifeless corpse. His youngest son, the late Dr. John Warren, of Boston, then four years old, who had been sent by his mother to the orchard to call him to dinner, met the body borne by two laborers. By this fatal accident the mother of Warren was left a widow, with the charge of four boys, of whom the eldest, Joseph, was then about sixteen years of age. The fidelity with which she executed this arduous trust, is sufficiently attested by the eminent virtues and talents of her children. She lived to a very advanced age at the house in Roxbury, surrounded by the younger members of the family, and reaping in their affectionate attention, the best reward for her exemplary and maternal duties. Joseph commenced his education at the grammar-school of Roxbury, which at that time had great celebrity from the superior attainments of its teachers. At fourteen he entered college at Harvard, and passed his examination with such satisfaction to his preceptors, that drew from them expressions of surprise and admiration. The whole term of his collegiate life was marked by a generous, independent deportment, fine manners, with indomitable courage and perseverance.

In 1759, Warren graduated with the highest honors, and on leaving college, signified his wish to study medicine; this was complied with by his maternal parent, who placed him under the care of a personal friend of his father. His professional studies were alike prosecuted with energy and success.

At the age of twenty-three he established himself at Boston, and commenced the practice of his profession, which he pursued with distinguished success.

\* He had not been in practice more than two years when the town was threatened with that direful disease, the small-pox, the treatment of which was but little known at that day—it was considered the most dreadful scourge of the human race. This disease continued to rage with the greatest violence, baffling the skill and efforts of many of the most learned of the faculty.

Our young practitioner soon distinguished himself by his successful method of treating that disease, and from that moment was exalted to the highest pinnacle of fame. He stood, week after week, untiringly by the bed of his patient, using the necessary exertions with his own hands. These noble and humane traits, apart from his laborious profession, firmly attached him to the people; he stood high among his older brethren in the profession, and his courtesy and his humanity won the way to the hearts of all—and what he once gained he never lost.

A bright and lasting fame in his profession was now before him, whilst wealth and influence were awaiting his grasp; his exalted talents had secured the conquest it had always been his aim to achieve. But the circumstances in which his beloved country was then placed necessarily directed the attention of Warren from professional pursuits, and concentrated it upon political affairs.

The same superiority of talents and ardor of temperament, which would have given him an easy success in any profession, rendered him more than ordinarily susceptible of the influences which then operated upon the community, and threw him forward into the front rank of the asserters of liberal principles. The fact, however, that men, like Warren, of the finest talents, and in every respect the fairest promise, were among the first to join in the opposition to the measures of the government, shows sufficiently how completely the whole mind of the colonies had given itself up to the cause, and how utterly impossible it was for the ministry to sustain their pretensions by any power that could be brought to bear upon the people of America.

In answer to a letter received from his late preceptor, advising him against any action amounting to rashness, he says, "The calls of my distracted country are paramount to every interest of my own, I willingly leave fame and all its glories to aid in bursting the bonds of tyranny, and giving freedom to a virtuous people." And in another letter to a friend, who had remonstrated with him on the same cause, he says, "It is the united voice of America to preserve their freedom or lose their lives in defense of it; their resolutions are not the effects of inconsiderate rashness, but the sound result of sober inquiry and deliberation. I am convinced that the true spirit of liberty was never so universally diffused through all ranks and orders of people in any country on the face of the earth, as it is now through all North America."

No sooner were Warren's intentions made known, than he was appointed surgeon-general of the army.

At the time of Warren's appointment, the con-

elusion of the definitive treaty of peace, which terminated the French war took place, and from that period to the battles of Lexington and Bunker's Hill, eleven years intervened, which period was filled up by a succession of interesting events, many of which occurred in the vicinity of Boston.

The Stamp Act; the tumults which followed it; its repeal; the Tea Act; the troubles which attended its enforcement, and which terminated in the celebrated Boston *Tea Party*; the military occupation of Boston by the British army; the hostile encounters that occurred so frequently between the troops and the citizens, including the fatal events of the 5th March, 1770; these occurrences, with various others of less importance, were the preludes to the tragedies of the 19th April and 17th June, 1775. In advertizing to one or two of these occasions, it will be seen that General Warren was the leading spirit of the colony during the eleven years before mentioned.

Mr. Everett, in his biography of this distinguished officer, says, "The great authority and influence which Warren exercised over his fellow citizens, evidently show that he combined in a remarkable degree the qualities requisite for excellence in civil pursuits, with a strong taste and aptitude for war. In this particular he stood alone among the leading patriots of Massachusetts; this, had his valuable life been prolonged, would have contributed very much to establish and extend his political influence.

He also possessed, in high perfection, the gift of eloquence, and in exercising it, he is represented as having exhibited the discretion which in all respects tempered so honorably the ardor of his character!

His voice was often raised in public, for the purpose of dissuading the people from tumultuous movements, and exhorting them to seek redress for their wrongs, as much as possible, according to the forms of law, and without detriment to the rights of individuals, or a breach of the public peace. The daily riots, which followed the attempt to enforce the new revenue laws at Boston, produced, as must have been expected, the military occupation of the town by British troops.

In the year 1768, two regiments from Halifax, and two from Ireland, making together nearly four thousand men, were ordered to be stationed at Boston, under the command of General Gage, an officer who had honorably distinguished himself in the preceding French war. This gave great dissatisfaction to the inhabitants, and the general found great difficulty in erecting barracks for their accommodations, and consequently hired houses for the greatest part, and the remainder were quartered in tents upon the common.

This military occupation of Boston led to continual animosity between the soldiers and the citizens. In these very frequently the latter were in the wrong, which was certainly the fact on the tragical 5th of March, 1770.

On the evening of that day, while the soldiers were on guard at the Custom House, King Street, now State Street, a mob of citizens, armed with every description of weapons, insulted, and finally assaulted them. The

guard exhibited great forbearance, until one of their number had been actually knocked down by one of the mob, and ill-treated; they then precipitately fired and killed three persons on the spot, and wounded two others. So satisfied were the patriots that the citizens were in the wrong, that John Adams and Josiah Quincy volunteered their services as counsel for Captain Preston, the commanding officer of the guard who had been brought to trial for the offence. He was honorably acquitted. This unhappy affair left in the bosoms of the citizens an impression that seemed impossible to erase; and they determined to set apart that day for an annual celebration; and it was accordingly so observed for several years, until the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence was finally substituted for it. On the second of these celebrations, Samuel Adams was invited to deliver the address. He declined the task, and it was then committed to Dr. Warren, who acquitted himself with great ability. On another anniversary, three years afterward, he again delivered another and last address, which, from the mutual exasperation between the troops and the citizens, was considered rather a critical duty. The day arrived, however, and the weather remarkably propitious; the old South Meeting-House was the place appropriated for the delivery of the oration, and so crowded was the building at an early hour, that on the arrival of our young orator, there was no way of access but by the pulpit window, which his friends effected for him by means of a ladder. The British officers occupied the aisles, and the stairs leading to the pulpit. Each man felt the palpitation of his own heart, and watched the pale but determined face of his neighbor. The speaker began his oration in a firm tone of voice, and proceeded with great energy and pathos.

Warren and his friends were prepared to chastise contumely, prevent disgrace, and avenge an attempt at assassination. The scene was sublime. A patriot in whom the flush of youth and the grace and dignity of manhood were combined, stood armed in the holy sanctuary to animate and encourage the sons of liberty, and to hurl defiance at their oppressors. The orator commenced with the early history of the country, described the tenure by which we held our liberties and property; the affection we had constantly shown the parent country, and boldly told them how, and by whom these blessings of life had been violated.

There was in this appeal to Britain—in this description of suffering, agony and horror, a calm and high-souled defiance, which must have chilled the blood of every sensible foe. Such another hour, perhaps, has seldom happened in the history of man, and is not surpassed in the records of nations. An able writer, commenting on the oration, says, "The thunders of Demosthenes rolled at a distance from Philip and his host—and Tully poured the fiercest torrent of his invective when Catiline was far off, and his dagger no longer to be feared; but Warren's speech was made to proud oppressors, resting on their arms, whose errand it was to overawe, and whose business it was to fight. If the deed of Brutus deserved to be commemorated by history, poetry, painting and sculpture, should not this in-

stance of patriotism and bravery be held in lasting remembrance? If he

‘That struck the foremost man of all this world,

was hailed as the first of freemen, what honors are not due to him, who, undismayed, bearded the British lion, to show the world what his countrymen dared to do in the cause of liberty? If the statue of Brutus was placed among those of the gods, who were the preservers of Roman freedom, should not that of Warren fill a lofty niche in the temple reared to perpetuate the remembrance of our birth as a nation?’

The late Rev. Dr. Homer, of Newton, Massachusetts, recently deceased, who was present on this ever memorable occasion, related the following incident, which we consider worthy a place on these pages. He says, “while the oration was in progress, a British officer, seated on the pulpit-stairs, raised himself up and held one of his hands before the speaker, with several pistol-bullets on the open palm. Warren observed the action, and without discontinuing his discourse, dropped a white handkerchief upon the officer’s hand.”

How happy had it been for the country, if this gentle and graceful admonition could have arrested the march of violence, and averted the fatal presage afforded by this sinister occurrence of the future fate of the patriotic speaker—a presage too soon and too exactly realized on the following 17th of June. The first position of a public character in which Dr. Warren took a part, were those which grew out of Governor Gage’s determination to fortify the southern entrance of Boston, by lines drawn across the isthmus or Neck, which unites it to Roxbury. On this occasion a convention was held, of delegates from all the towns in the county of Suffolk, which then comprehended the present county of Norfolk, for the purpose of endeavoring to prevent this measure from being carried into effect. Dr. Warren was a delegate to this convention, and was made chairman of the committee which was appointed to prepare an address to the governor upon the subject. The governor replied in a brief and unsatisfactory manner.

The committee rejoined in another address, of greater length, which was transmitted to the governor, to which he did not think proper to reply. These papers were written by Warren, and give a very favorable idea of his literary taste and talent, as well as of his courage and patriotism. The correspondence was communicated by Dr. Warren, as chairman of the committee, to the Continental Congress; and that body, in their reply, notice, in terms of high approbation, the part taken in it by the committee. The high sense, which was now entertained by his fellow-citizens, of the value of the services of Warren to the cause of liberty, was strikingly evinced on this occasion, first by his election as a delegate from Boston to the Congress, and secondly, by his designation as President of that body, and chairman of the committee of public safety. By virtue of these situations, he united in his person the chief responsibility for the conduct of the whole civil and military affairs of the new commonwealth, and became a sort of popular dictator. The

Congress was organized at Salem, but shortly after removed to Concord, and, a few days before the battle of Lexington, adjourned to meet again at Watertown, on the 10th May, 1775. The Committee of Safety held its meetings, at this time, in a public house at West Cambridge, and seems to have been in session every day. It was soon apparent that the station now occupied by Warren, in the councils of Massachusetts, would be no sinecure. The events of the 19th of April, including the battles of Lexington and Concord were of such a character, that no individual could well occupy a very conspicuous position in the field. There was no commander-in-chief, and, properly speaking, no regular engagement or battle. The object of the British was to destroy the military stores at Concord; that of the Americans, to prevent this, if possible, and to show that, in this quarter of the country, every inch of ground would be desperately contested. For the vigor and determination which marked the conduct of the people on this important day, it is not too much to say, that the country is mainly indebted to the vigilance, activity and energy of Warren.

It had been the intention of the British commander to surprise the Americans, and so severe were the precautions taken for this purpose, that the officers employed in the expedition were only informed of it on the preceding day. Information of a meditated attack had been, however, for some time in possession of the Americans; the first intimation having been given by a patriotic lady of Boston, the wife of a royalist officer. A most vigilant observation was, in consequence, maintained upon the movements of the British; and, in this operation, great advantage was derived from the services of an association, composed chiefly of Boston mechanics, which had been formed in the autumn of the preceding year. The late Col. Paul Revere was an active member of this society, and was employed by Dr. Warren, on this occasion, as his principal confidential messenger. Some preparatory movements took place among the British troops on the 15th of April, which attracted the attention of Warren. It was known that the principal object of the contemplated expedition was to seize the stores at Concord. Presuming that the movement would now be made without delay, the committee of safety took measures for securing the stores by distributing a part of them among the neighboring towns. John Hancock and Samuel Adams were then at the house of the Rev. Mr. Clark, in Lexington, and Colonel Revere was dispatched as a special messenger to inform them of the probable designs of General Gage. On his return to Boston, he made an agreement with his friends in Charlestown, that, if the expedition proceeded by water, two lights should be displayed on the steeple of the North Church, if it moved over the neck, through Roxbury, only one. The British commander finally fixed upon the 19th for the intended attempt; and, on the evening of the 18th he sent for the officers whom he had designated for this service, and communicated to them, for the first time, the nature of the expedition upon which they were to be employed. So strict had been the secrecy observed by the governor in regard to this matter. The same discretion had not been

"who," as the same author says, "though no Samson, must have his Delilah," became very much in love with the beautiful daughter of Master Lovell, and, in order to gain favor with the damsel, had given her young brother, a mere boy, an appointment in the ordnance department, for which he was not qualified. His inexperience was the cause of the error, for which General Cleveland was much censured by his commanding officer, as it created some delay and diminished the British fire during the first two attacks. While the British commander was preparing to send off his second detachment, the first remained unmolested at Morton's Point, and quietly dined from the contents of their knapsacks. At about two o'clock, the second detachment followed in barges to join the first at Morton's Point, soon after a few companies of grenadiers and light infantry, with a party of mariners, the whole amounting to about four thousand men, who were commanded by General Howe. He had under him General Pigot, and Colonels Nesbit, Abercrombie, and Clark.

Such, then, were the respective forces and positions of the two armies immediately preceding the battle. General Burgoyne, in a letter written some days after the battle, has given a spirited sketch of the splendid panorama, seen by the British officers from the heights at the northern extremity of Boston. He says, "the spectacle which was exhibited at this time by the two peninsulas and the surrounding waters, was of a highly varied and brilliant character; for immediately below flowed the river Charles," (not, as now, interrupted by numerous bridges,) "pursuing a smooth, unbroken way to the ocean. Between this and Charlestown shore, lay at anchor, the ships of war, the *Somerset*, the *Lively*, and the *Falcon*; and further on the left, within the bay, the *Glasgow*. Their black and threatening hulls poured forth at every new discharge, fresh volumes of smoke, which hung like fleecy clouds upon the air, till cleared by the northern breezes, when the spectator could perceive on the opposite side of the river, rising from the shore by a gentle ascent, the sister hills of Charlestown, clothed in the green luxuriance of the first flush of vegetation, excepting where their summits were broken by the low and hasty works of the Americans." While both the arties and the assembled multitude were hushed in breathless expectation, might be seen our gallant fathers, eagerly awaiting the signal for the action, ready to rush to the rescue of freedom and their country. Their homely apparel had but little to attract the eye, but frequently, when some favorite officer made his appearance, a shout of gratulation passed along the ranks, which showed the zeal that inspired them for the cause. During this silent suspense, a horseman was seen advancing at full speed toward the American works. As he crossed the hill, General Putnam rode forward to meet him, and perceived it was General Warren.

"General Warren!" exclaimed the veteran, "is it you? I rejoice and regret to see you. Your life is too precious to be exposed here; but, since you are arrived, I take your orders."

"General Putnam, I have none to give. You have made your arrangements, therefore proceed. I come

to aid you as a volunteer. Tell me where I can be useful."

"Go, then," said Putnam, "to the redoubt; you will there be covered."

"I came not to be covered," replied Warren, "I came to do my duty; tell me where I shall be most in danger, and where the action will be hottest."

"The redoubt," said Putnam, "will be the enemy's object; if that can be defended, the day is ours."

General Warren at once hastened to the redoubt, and his approach to the troops, who recognized him, though he wore no uniform, was welcomed with loud acclamations. When he reached the redoubt, Colonel Prescott requested him to give him his orders.

"No, Colonel Prescott," he replied, "give me yours—give me a musket; I have come here to take a lesson of a veteran soldier in the art of war."

These particulars, including the dialogue, are given substantially, as reported afterward by General Putnam and Colonel Prescott, and may be depended on as authentic. General Warren was originally opposed to the plan of fortifying the Heights of Charlestown; but when he found the Council of War had decided in favor of it, he told them he should aid them personally in carrying it into effect. Against this he was strongly urged, but his resolution was immovable. Warren had officiated the preceding day at Watertown, as President of Congress; that body being in session there, and had passed the whole night in transacting business.

At daylight he mounted his horse, and rode to headquarters at Cambridge, where he arrived much indisposed from fatigue; he was urged to take some repose, which he did; but he had retired to bed but a short time, when information was received from General Ward that the British were moving.

He rose immediately, said he was quite well, and attended the meeting of the Committee of Safety as chairman. During this meeting, Elbridge Gerry, who entertained the same opinion as Warren upon the prudence of the attempt, earnestly requested him not to expose his person.

"I am aware of the danger," replied the young and ardent soldier, "but I should die with shame, if I were to remain at home in safety, while my friends and fellow-citizens are shedding their blood, and hazarding their lives in the cause."

"Your ardent temper," replied Gerry, "will carry you forward into the midst of peril, and you will probably fall."

"I know that I may fall," returned Warren; "but where is the American who does not think it a glory to die in defense of his country?"

After the adjournment of the committee, he mounted his horse, and rode to Charlestown, where he arrived but a short time before the battle commenced.

General Pomroy, of Northampton, reached headquarters at this time, as a volunteer; he had served, with the rank of captain, under Sir William Johnson, in the war of 1756; and was distinguished in the celebrated battle with the French and Indians, under Baron Dieskau. When the sound of the artillery rattled in his ears, he felt it as a summons to action, and could not resist the temptation to repair to the field. He ac-

cordingly requested General Ward to lend him a horse, and taking a musket, set off at full speed for Charlestown. On reaching the Neck, and finding it enflamed by a hot and heavy fire of round, bar, and chain-shot from the *Glasgow*, he began to be alarmed, not, as may be supposed, for his own safety, but for that of General Ward's horse. Horses were at this time almost as rare and precious as the nobler animals that rode them. Too honest to expose his borrowed horse to "the pelting of the pitiless storm," and too bold to dream of shrinking from it himself, the conqueror of Baron Dieskau dismounted, delivered the horse to a sentry near, shouldered his musket, and marched on foot across the Neck. On reaching the hill, he took his station near the redoubt; and he had no sooner been recognized by the soldiers, than his name rang with repeated shouts along the line. About three o'clock in the afternoon, every necessary preparation being made, the signal for action was given by a general discharge of artillery along the whole British line.

The troops advanced in two divisions, General Howe, in person, led the right, toward the rail-fence; General Pigot, with the left, aimed directly at the redoubt. At this time, it appears, the order for the exchange of balls sent in mistake, had not yet been answered, which caused a suspension of the fire from the British artillery very soon after it had commenced. It was, however, renewed with grape-shot. The little battery, stationed at the opening between the redoubt and breastwork, in the American lines, replied with great effect. In the meantime, the American drums beat to arms. General Putnam, who was still at work on the redoubt, quitted the intrenchment, and led his men into action. "Powder is scarce," said the veteran, addressing them in his usual laconic style; "powder is scarce, and must not be wasted; reserve your fire till you see the whites of their eyes, then take aim at the officers." These laconic remarks were repeated as an order along the line; but when the British had come within gunshot of the works, a few sharp-shooters disobeyed the injunction, and fired. "Fire again before the word is given at your peril," exclaimed Prescott; "the next man that disobeys orders shall be instantly shot." The British were now at only eight rods distance. "Now, men, now is your time!" said Prescott. "Make ready! take aim! fire!"

So effectually was this order obeyed, that when the smoke disappeared, the whole hill-side was covered with the fallen. The British returned the fire, and attempted to rally and advance, but without success. After a moment's irresolution, they turned their backs, and hurried from the hill.

Such was the futile attempt to storm the works; and had the reinforcements of artillery and supplies of ammunition, which had been ordered from Cambridge, arrived, a brilliant success must have followed. It was at this moment that the mischief resulting from Colonel Gridley's ill-judged exhibition of parental partiality, in giving the place of major in the artillery to his son, in preference to Count Rumford, was severely felt. This young officer, as his subsequent conduct proved, was entirely incompetent to the duty assigned him.

Could the long-tried and energetic character of Rumford been employed, there would have been no want of ammunition; powder and balls enough would have found their way into their works, and the day might still have been ours. But America paid the penalty of Colonel Gridley's fatherly weakness, as Great Britain did that of General Cleveland's superannuated gallantry. The American artillery was badly served through the whole action. Early in the day the officer, who was stationed with his company and two field pieces at the opening between the redoubt and breastwork, drew off his pieces from the post assigned, in order, as he said, to prepare his ammunition in safety. General Putnam was obliged to employ Captain Ford to drag the pieces back; by him and Captain Perkins, they were served the whole day. Major Gridley, who had been ordered with his battalion from Cambridge to the lines with all speed; had advanced only a short distance beyond the Neck, and halted, as he said, in order to wait and cover the retreat, which his inexperience deemed inevitable.

At that moment, Colonel Frye, a veteran of the old French wars, whose regiment was in the redoubt, perceived Major Gridley with his artillery in the position described. Frye galloped up to him, and demanded what it meant.

"We are waiting," said Gridley, "to cover the retreat."

"Retreat!" replied the veteran, "who talks of retreating? This day thirty years ago I was present at the first taking of Louisburg, when your father, with his own hand, lodged a shell in the citadel. His son was not born to talk of retreating. Forward to the lines!"

Gridley proceeded a short distance with his artillery, but overcome with terror, and unequal to such a task, he ordered his men to re-cross the Neck, and take a position, where they were to fire with their three pounders upon the *Glasgow*. The order was so absurd that Captain Trevett refused to obey it, and proceeded at once toward the lines. Major Gridley was tried for neglect of duty, and dismissed from service.

A few hours had now passed in silence, when General Howe determined upon a second attack, and, having rallied and re-organized his men, gave the order to advance. This was complied with, and the artillery pushed forward to within three hundred yards of the rail-fence, to prepare the way for the infantry. During these movements, a solemn silence brooded over the American lines.

The men were ordered not to fire till the enemy were within six rods distance. While every thing was in agitation, a new spectacle burst upon the eyes of the assembled multitude, and added another feature more startling, if possible, than the rest, to the terrible sublimity of the scene. Clouds of smoke were seen to overspread the air, from which flashed sheets of fire. It soon became apparent that Charlestown was in flames. The British General had been annoyed, at his first attack upon the works, by the fire of a detachment stationed in the town, and had given orders that it should be burned. For this purpose, combustibles were hurled into it from Boston, which commenced

the conflagration; and a detachment of marines from the *Somerset*, were directed to land, and aid in its destruction. The flames spread with devastating rapidity, till street on street, and house on house, were even with the ground. The last structure which seemed to strive with holy efforts against the devouring element, was the large church; sublime indeed was the spectacle! the crackling flames ascending from the body of the spacious building, and playing around its lofty spire. Solemn indeed was the continuous toll of the large bell, as the beams that suspended it were vibrating, till they fell with one tremendous crash. Scenes like these in ordinary times, which would have driven the most inanimate soul to madness, were entirely overlooked by both armies, who coolly prosecuted their work.

The British troops ascended the hill by slow and regular approaches, firing without aim, in platoons, with all the precision of a hollyday review.

The Americans, agreeably to their orders, reserved their fire till the British were within six rods distance. The word was then given, and the discharge took place with more fatal effect than the former attack. Hundreds of the British soldiers fell—General Howe remained almost alone, for he lost almost every officer belonging to his staff. His aids, Colonels Gordon, Balfour and Addison; the last was a member of the family of the author of the "Spectator."

So tremendous was the havoc, that, the second time on this eventful day, did the British army retreat from the hill. At this period in the progress of the battle, a little incident occurred, which shows that the American officers were fighting for their country, not for the sake of blood and carnage, and that they never forgot that high-souled feeling for which they were ever distinguished. After the fire from the American works had taken effect, Major Small, (who has been named before as a personal friend of Putnam,) like his commander, remained almost alone on the field.

His companions in arms had been all swept away, and standing thus apart, he became, from the brilliancy of his uniform, a conspicuous mark for the Americans within the redoubt. They had already pointed their unerring rifles at his heart, and the delay of another minute would probably have stopped its pulses forever.

At this moment Putnam recognized his friend, and perceiving the imminent danger in which he was placed, sprang upon the parapet, and threw himself before the levelled rifles.

"Spare that officer, my gallant comrades, he is my friend; do you not remember our affectionate meeting at the exchange of prisoners?"

This appeal from the favorite old chief was successful, and Small retired unmolested.

This anecdote, poetical as it appears, is attested by undoubted authority.

General Howe, undaunted by the second repulse, felt determined to venture a third attack, but thought best to adopt a more judicious plan than before. He this time concentrated his whole force upon the redoubt and breastwork, instead of directing a portion of it against the rail-fence.

He also directed his men to reserve their fire, and

trust wholly to the bayonet. He had discovered the vulnerable point in the American defenses, and pushed forward his artillery to the opening between the redoubt and breastwork, where it turned our works and enfiladed the whole line. By this time the Americans were nearly reduced to the last extremity. Their ammunition was exhausted; they had no bayonets; no reinforcements appeared. Colonel Gardiner, who had been stationed with his regiment at Charlestown Neck, but had received no orders to march, reached Bunker's Hill with three hundred men. He had no sooner reached the lines, when he received a wound from a musket ball, which afterward proved fatal. As his men were carrying him from the field, his son, a youth of nineteen, second lieutenant in Trevett's artillery company, which had just come up, met and recognized his father. Distracted at seeing him in this condition, he offered to aid in conducting him from the field.

"Think not of me," replied the gallant patriot, "think not of me—I am well. Go forward to your duty!"

The son obeyed his orders, and the father retired from the field to die.

The Americans awaited with desperate resolution the onset of the British, prepared to repel them, as best they could, with the remaining charges of powder and ball, with the stocks of their muskets, and with stones.

Having reached the works, the foremost of the British attempted to scale them. Richardson, a private in the Royal Irish regiment, was the first to mount the parapet. He was shot down at once. Major Pitcairn followed him, and as he stepped on the parapet was heard to exclaim, "The day is ours!" But the words had no sooner escaped his lips, than he was shot through the body; his son caught him in his arms as he fell, and carried him from the hill.

He led the detachment which first encountered our troops upon Lexington Green, on the 19th of April; he had a horse shot under him on that day, and was left upon the field for dead. General Pigot, who had mounted the redoubt by means of a tree left standing there, was the first person to enter the works. He was followed by others. The Americans, however, still held out, till the principal of their officers were badly wounded. Perceiving, at length, that further resistance would be a wanton and useless sacrifice of valuable life, Colonel Prescott ordered a retreat. The Americans left the hill with very little molestation. General Warren had come upon the field, as he said to learn the art of war from a veteran soldier. He had offered to take Colonel Prescott's orders, and it was with extreme reluctance that he quitted the redoubt. He was slowly retreating from it, only a few rods distance, when the British obtained full possession, which exposed his person to imminent danger. Major Small, whose life, as has been mentioned in the preceding chapter, had been saved in a similar emergency, by the intercession of General Putnam, attempted to requite the service by rendering one of a like character to Warren. He called out to him by name from the redoubt, and begged him to surrender, at the same time ordering his men around him to suspend their fire. On hearing the voice of Major Small, War-

ren turned his head, but the effort was too late. While his face was directed toward the works, a ball struck him on the forehead, and inflicted a wound which was instantly fatal. The magnanimous champion of liberty had fallen.

The body of General Warren was identified the following day, and the ball which terminated his life was taken from the body by Mr. Savage, an officer in the Custom House, and was carried to England. Several years afterward it was returned to the family, in whose possession it now remains. The remains of Warren were buried on the spot where he fell, but the following year they were removed to a tomb in the Tremont Cemetery, and subsequently deposited in the family vault, under St. Paul's church, Boston.

In the official account of the battle of Bunker's Hill, the character of Warren is noticed in the most honorable terms.

"Among the dead," says the account, "was Major General Joseph Warren, a man whose memory will be endeared to his countrymen, and to the worthy in every part and age of the world, so long as virtue and valor shall be esteemed among mankind."

General Warren left four children, two sons and two daughters. Within a year after the death of Warren, it was resolved, by the Continental Congress, that his eldest son should be educated at the public expense; and two or three years after, it was further resolved, that public provision should be made for the education of the other children, until the youngest should be of age. The sons both died in their minority; the daughters were distinguished for their amiable qualities, and personal beauty; one of them married the late General

Arnold Welles, of Boston, and died without issue; the other married Richard Newcomb, of Greenfield, Massachusetts, whose children are the only surviving descendants of the hero of Bunker's Hill. In addition to the public provision made by the Congress for the children of Warren, it was also resolved by that body that a monument should be erected, at the national expense, to his memory. This resolution, like similar ones to the other officers of the Revolution, remains as yet without effect. Such are the only particulars of interest that are known of the brief and brilliant career of Joseph Warren. As Mr. Everett remarks:

"To Warren, distinguished as he was among the bravest, wisest and best of the patriotic band, was assigned, in the inscrutable degrees of Providence, the crown of early martyrdom. It becomes not human frailty to murmur at the will of heaven; and however painful may be the first emotions excited in the mind by the sudden and premature eclipse of so much talent and virtue, it may perhaps well be doubted, whether by any course of active service in a civil or military department, General Warren could have rendered more essential benefit to the country, or to the cause of liberty throughout the world, than by the single act of heroic self-devotion which closed his existence. The blood of martyrs has been in all ages the nourishing rain of religion and liberty. The friends of liberty from all countries and throughout all time, as they kneel upon the spot that was moistened by the blood of Warren, will find their better feelings strengthened by the influence of the place, and will gather from it a virtue in some degree allied to his own."

## THE DREAM OF YOUTH.

BY WM. P. BRANNAN.

O give me back my dream of youth,  
When every pulse throbbed wild and gay,  
My heart's sweet spring-time when life's flowers  
Bewildering bloomed along my way;  
When all the world was Paradise,  
And Pleasure held a sovereign sway;  
When every change brought new delight,  
And all the blessed year was May.

O give again those rapturous hours  
When first my soul with beauty thrilled;  
And mad with ecstasy I dared  
To love, nor cared if loving killed  
When every radiant face I saw  
Flashed with enchantment on my brain,  
Till earth seemed changing spheres with heaven;  
O give to me that dream again.

Those aspirations for a fame  
Immortal through all coming time;  
That faith which soared on angel wings  
From gladsome earth to heights sublime;  
When every air a perfume breathed,  
Melodious with the voice of song,  
That swayed me with resistless power  
And nerved my soul with purpose strong.

O give me back my boyhood's dream,  
Those gleams of glory from above,  
That hope which grasped a deathless name,  
And blest me with undying love;  
O let me taste that joy again  
Which riots in my thought to-day—  
That earnest and exulting youth  
When all the blessed year was May.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.



### FREAKS OF THE PEN.

"GRAHAM" TO "JEREMY SHORT."

MY DEAR JEREMY,—I write you while a hail-storm is rattling at the window-panes, as if anxious to get in and warm its nose, and while the fire in my Radiator is roaring as angrily as a young lion, as if anxious to get out and have a battle with the storm. The clouds without, too, have a warlike aspect, look blue, and go tumbling about as if they had taken whisky-toddy not over warm. Nature, after the sulks, is hysterical. The wind goes moaning and howling around the house, as if anxious to vent its temper in a blow at somebody. The solitary oysterman in the street, is raising a cry as dolorous as if he had taken a breeze—been on a gale—on his own account, was melancholy, and had not the heart to sing—“away;” yet in fact he keeps singing away, in tones rather inviting to blue-devils. He does not feel, evidently, as well as his oysters, though he is their master. The vanity of riches is thus made apparent,—wealth does not always produce happiness. Patient industry in the storm is dismal—so another aphorism is exploded. Knowledge is not the grand specific either. Their ignorance of the roasting which awaits them, is bliss. His knowledge of the roasting which awaits him—if he goes home without market-money—is, perhaps, the particular misery which weighs upon his soul, and renders his cry so plaintive.

The philosophers say that contentment is happiness—but who is contented? The very discoverers of this sovereign balm for restless spirits, go toiling on over musty tomes in search of something new, and grow fretful and peevish from indigestion, or irritable from age and failing eyesight. Nature herself is not always calm and smiling. She has her storms, her earthquakes, and her eruptions. The earth is not satisfied with her own dull face, but must borrow her brightness and beauty from the sun; she gets the dumps, and grows cold, if the loan is reluctantly given. What, then, can she expect from her children, but a thirst insatiate for change and glory of some sort? Philosophy is all very well in its way, and so is the philosopher's stone—but who is the happy possessor of either? People talk of the insensibility of the oyster—perhaps that is the great secret; but try him upon a hot stove, if you wish to witness the open-mouthed, but mute, appeal of despairing distress; try him upon your palate afterward, if you wish to palliate conscience for his sufferings—but do not slander the fine feelings of so good a fellow for the sake of an aphorism. He is more worthy of your regards than many men who put him to the torture on silver dishes.

Happiness, after all, is more active than passive, and depends a good deal upon the tent which education, our

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